

## BORROWED HUSBANDS

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR

## CXX—LACK OF CONCERN

Curtis Stanley protested grumblingly against going to his club that night all the while Nancy gave him and Major Desmond support.

"This is just like one of Connie's fool ideas," he declared. "There isn't a grain of sense in having you stay here in the first place, and packing me off to the club. It's not only silly, but most inconvenient. If she's so insistent on the precious properties, we could have Aunt Mary down from up state. She is the finest demon chaperon the world has ever known."

Expecting little of Curtis from long association with his selfishness, Nancy was forced to own herself surprised and a little disgusted at his lack of concern about Connie.

Beyond a perfunctory inquiry concerning her condition, he had nothing to say.

Nancy could not refrain from commenting.

"I must say that I think you're rather calous, Curtis. Connie is really desperately ill. You don't seem at all alarmed."

"Good Lord—what do you expect me to do—wait, and gnash my teeth and put on sack cloth and ashes? I can't do anything for her. She probably wouldn't let me if I could. Connie always managed for herself and even one else. I'll bet she'll reorganize that hospital before she gets out of it. She'll tell the head surgeon what she thinks of him, and the superintendent of nurses will go out and resign when she recognizes Connie's superior knowledge about the profession."

It was difficult for Nancy to restrain a smile as she listened to Stanley's accurate description of Connie. But she thought it rather heartless of him, nevertheless.

She wondered if by any chance Curtis suspected what lay concealed in the diamond-studded trinket which Connie wore around her throat; if that, perhaps, accounted for their indifference toward each other. She decided to do a little adroit questioning after

the fashion Connie would have employed.

"Will you have some more coffee, Curtis?" she asked. "No? Major Desmond?"

"I'm afraid we're keeping you up when you're very tired, Mrs. Burrard," said the young officer passing his cup across the table to her.

She made a pretty picture as she sat in a big carved chair opposite, her shining hair and the filmy drapery of her house gown outlined against the background of the firelight.

"I couldn't sleep," she protested. "Besides, I need counsel and advice."

She leaned back in her chair and surveyed the two men with as crafty an expression as she believed. Dr. Langwell could assume.

"I want to send Edith Langwell a little gift. You men have good taste. Suggest something."

Desmond played into her hand by saying:

"Mrs. Langwell seems to have everything that a woman could want, but why not give her a bit of jewelry as a keepsake? Women always like trinkets, don't they? They never seem to have enough of them."

Stanley grunted. He was getting sleepy, and the prospect of going out into the snow was not appealing.

"Never give Connie a present. Tried it once or twice, and she always said: 'Whatever did you choose this for? You know I don't like this sort of thing. Why didn't you give me the money and let me select something I really wanted?'"

Nancy giggled softly.

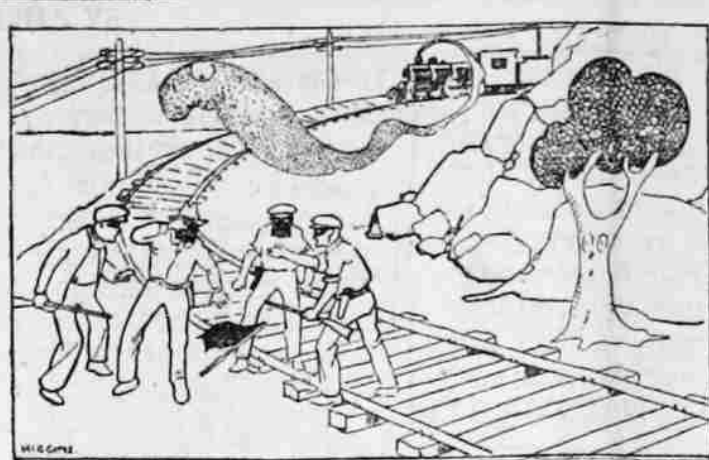
"How typically witty that sounded! But Curtis forgot to tell the lovely diamond and platinum locket."

"You're dreaming! Come out of it! muttered Stanley, sulkily. 'Never gave Connie a locket in my life!'"

Nancy's eyes found out what she wanted to know.

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON



He gave one yell and dropped the flag.

Nancy and Nick and Buskins listened with interest to the tale of the smoke-ring and how it had caused the rich man to help the poor one.

"Well, that's that!" sighed a black smoke pillar loudly. "This fellow was large and black and fierce looking. But I, too, have seen wonderful things. I'm out of engine No. 35 that pulls the United States Limited, the most wonderful train in America."

"One time we were carrying some valuable express packages, a million dollars in gold. I was told afterwards I had just come out of the big black smoke-stack of the engine and was looking around at the rough country, when I noticed something."

"The track made a deep curve around a hill, and just as the engine started around the curve, I saw some figures ahead of it with a red flag in their hands. Also I noticed that the figures wore masks and carried guns, and beyond them in a little valley some horses were standing,

saddled and bridled and ready to go. I saw at once what was going to happen. My beloved train would be stopped and robbed and lose its reputation for safety."

"There was only one thing to do," said the black smoke-pillar importantly. "I took a short cut across the hill and dropped one of my sharp black cinders into the eye of the man who had the flag. He gave one yell and dropped the flag, clapping his hand to his face. The others crowded around him to see what was the matter. They thought something dreadful had happened. Just then my train whizzed by. I had saved it."

"Fine!" cried all the other smoke pillars, and Nancy and Nick and Buskins, who were listening, clapped their hands. "But didn't the men come back?" asked Nick.

"No," said the smoke-pillar, "for the gold was delivered that day. The next day (To Be Continued)

## ERSKINE DALE PIONEER

by JOHN FOX JR.



BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Erskine Dale, captured in infancy by the Indians, is adopted by the chief.

Kahtoo and reared as an Indian under the name of White Arrow. He is told that his mother, captured with him, was killed. Maltreated by an Indian brave, Erskine flees to a settler's homestead in Kentucky and is recognized by his mortally wounded father. The boy goes to Red Oaks, the great Dale plantation on the James River, now occupied by Colonel Dale, younger brother of Erskine's father. The boy is kindly received by his cousins, Barbara and Harry. Erskine finds the wilderness and leaves Red Oaks, legally his, to Barbara, after threatening to kill Dale Grey, with whom he has quarreled in jealousy over the girl. He is met by Shawnee Indians who persuade him to visit his foster-father, the old chief Kahtoo. In the Indian camp he finds a white woman condemned to death for a beautiful half-breed daughter. Early Morning is loved by Erskine's enemy, Black Wolf.

## GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The old chief's eyes shifted uneasily.

"Why did you leave us?"

"To see my people and because of Crooked Lightning and his brother."

"You fought us?"

"Only the brother, and I killed him." The dauntless men of the boy pleaded the old man. The lad must take his place as chief.

Now White Arrow turned questioner.

"I told you I would come when the leaves fell and I am here. Why is Crooked Lightning here? Why is the new prophet? Who is the woman? What has she done that she must die? What is the peace talk you wish me to carry north?"

"The story of the prophet and Crooked Lightning is too long," he said wearily. "I will tell tomorrow. The woman must die because her people have slain mine. You carry the white wampum to a council. The Shawnee may join the British against our enemies—the palefaces."

"I will wait," said the lad. "I will carry the white wampum. If you war against the paleface on this side of the mountain—I am your enemy. If you war with the British against them all—I am your enemy. And the woman must not die."

"I have spoken," said the old man.

"I have spoken," said the boy.

Just outside the tent a figure slipped away as noiselessly as a shadow. When it rose and emerged from the shadows the firelight showed the malignant, triumphant face of Crooked Lightning.

XI.

Dressed as an Indian, Erskine rode forth next morning with a wampum belt for the council where the British were to meet Shawnee warriors, and Algonquians, and urge them to enter the great war that was just breaking forth.

One question the boy asked as he made ready:

"The white woman must not be burned while I am gone."

"No," promised the old chief. And so White Arrow faded forth. Four days he rode through the north woods and on the fifth he strode through the streets of a town that was yet filled with great forest trees. He slipped to the house of an old priest, and there he hid himself from the eyes of his enemies and a little French. The old man was distressed when he heard the lad's mission.

"I am no royalist," he said. "I am a man," said Erskine. "I came because Kahtoo begged me to come. He could trust no other. I am only a messenger and I shall speak his tale, but my heart is with the Americans and I shall fight with them."

At sunrise the great council began. On his way Erskine met Grey, who apparently was leaving with a band of traders for Detroit. Erskine met his eyes and Grey smiled.

"Aren't you White Arrow?" Some how the tone with which he spoke the name was an insult.

"Yes."

Grey's face, already red with drink, turned purple with anger.

"When you tried to stab me do you remember what I said?" Erskine asked contemptuously.

"Well, I repeat it. I'll fight you anywhere and in any way you please."

"Why not now?"

"This is not the time for private quarrels and you know it."

"I can wait—and I shall not forget. The day will come."

The old priest touched Erskine's shoulder as the angry youth rode away.

"I cannot make it out," he said. "He claims to represent an English fur company. His talk is British but he told me Shawnee warriors, and that he could have a commission in the American army."

The council-fire was built. Three British agents sat on blankets and around them the chiefs were ringed. The burden of his talk varied very little.

The American palefaces had driven the Indian over the great wall. They were killing his deer, buffalo, and elk, robbing him of his land and pushing him ever backward. They were many and they would become more. The British were the Indians' friends and theirs; could they choose to fight with their enemies rather than with their friends? Each chief answered in turn, and each cast forward his wampum until only Erskine, who sat silent, remained, and Pontiac himself turned to him.

"What says the son of Kahtoo?"

Even as he rose the lad saw creep-

ing to the outer ring his enemy, Crooked Lightning, but he appeared not to see. The whites looked surprised when his boyish figure stood straight, and they were amazed when he addressed the traders in French, the agents in English, and spoke to the feathered chiefs in their own tongue. He cut the belt forward.

"That is Kahtoo's talk, but this is mine."

Who had driven the Indian from the great waters to the great wall? The British. Who were the Americans fighting now? British. Why were the Americans fighting now? Because the British, their kinsmen, would not give them their rights. If the Indians must fight, why fight with the British to beat the Americans, and then have to fight both a later day? If the British would not treat their own kinsmen fairly, was it likely that they would treat the Indian fairly? Would it not be better for the Indian to make the white man on his own land a friend rather than the white man who lived more than a moon away across the big sea?

He lifted his hand high and paused. Crooked Lightning had sprung to his feet with a hoarse cry. With a gesture Pontiac bade Crooked Lightning speak.

"The tongue of White Arrow is forked. I have heard him say he would fight with the Long Knife against the British and he would

fight with them even against his own tribe."

One grunt of rage ran the round of three circles and yet Pontiac stopped Crooked Lightning and turned to the lad. Slowly the boy's uplifted hand came down.

With a bound he leaped through the head-dress of a chief in the outer ring and sped away through the village.

Some started on foot after him, some rushed to their ponies, and some sent arrows and bullets after him.

At the edge of the village the boy gave a loud, clear call and then another as he ran. Something black sprang snorting from the edge of the woods with pointed ears and searching eyes.

Another call came and like the swirling edge of a hurricane-driven thunder-cloud firelight swept after his master. The boy ran to meet him, caught one hand in his before he stopped, swung himself up, and in a hail of arrows and bullets swept out of sight.

The sound of pursuit soon died away, but Erskine kept firelight at his best, for he knew that Crooked Lightning would be quick and fast on his trail.

He guessed that Crooked Lightning had already told the tribe what he had just told the council, and that he and the prophet had already made the Shawnee town.

The old chief looked grave when the lad told the story of the council.

"The people are angry. They say you are a traitor and a spy. They say you must die. And I cannot help you. I am too old and the prophet is too strong."

"And the white woman?"

"She will not burn. Some fur traders have been here. The white chief McGee sent me a wampum belt and I promised that she should live. But I cannot help you."

Erskine thought quickly. He laid his rifle down, stepped slowly outside and stretched his arms with a yawn. Then still leisurely he moved toward his horse as though to take care of it.

But the braves were too keen and watchful and they were not fooled by the fact that he had left his rifle behind. Before he was close enough to leap for firelight's back, three bullets darted from behind a lodge and threw themselves upon him.

In a moment he was face down on the ground, his hands were tied behind his back, and when turned he looked up into the grinning face of Black Wolf, who with the help of another brave dragged him to a lodge.

And roughly threw him within and left him alone.

On the way he saw his foster-mother's eyes flashing helplessly, saw the girl Early Morn indignantly telling her mother what was going on, and the white woman's face was wet with tears.

He turned over so that he could look through the tent-flaps. Two bucks were driving a stake in the center of the space around which the lodges were ringed. Two more were bringing fagots of wood and it was plain what was going to become of him.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

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## BEDTIME STORIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS

## UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BAD BEAR

Copyright, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"Come on, Uncle Wiggily! Come on!" cried some jolly voices outside the bunny gentleman's hollow stump bungalow one wintry morning, when the snowflakes were softly falling.

"Come on where?" asked Mr. Longears, looking from the window, and seeing Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the two puppy dog boys.

"Oh, come on coasting!" barked Jackie.

"We've found the very finest hill in all the world for sliding down," went on Peetie. "It's nifty, if you know what that means."

"Yes, I know what that means," laughed the rabbit gentleman. "But I'm afraid I can't go with you," and he looked sadly at the sleds which the puppy dog boys had brought with them.

"Why can't you come?" asked Peetie, throwing a baby snowball at his brother.

"Because I am going to take some carrot turnovers to Grandpa Goosey Gander," answered Uncle Wiggily. "Grandpa Goosey is ill, and Nurse Jane has made him some turnovers. I have them packed in a basket ready to carry over."

"Well, you can come for a little coast on our sleds," said Peetie. "The

slippery slide hill is on your way to Grandpa Goosey's."

"Oh, is it? I didn't know that," said Uncle Wiggily. "Then I'll come. But don't make too much noise, or I'll be told the doggie boys, for they were barking joyfully as the bunny came out with a covered basket. 'There's no need of letting Nurse know I'm going coasting—she would only think me silly,' explained Mr. Longears.

"All right—we'll be quiet!" said Jackie and Peetie. So with Uncle Wiggily they went softly through the snow away from the hollow stump bungalow, the doggies pulling their sleds, and the rabbit gentleman carrying the basket of carrot turnovers for Grandpa Goosey.

"Here's the nifty slide!" barked Jackie, as they stopped on top of a hill that led down to a brook, which was now frozen over.

"Oh, this is the other slide!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "You should see this in summer!"

"That's an other slide?" asked Jackie.

"It's a steep, slippery place for otters, which are animals like minks, weasels or ferrets, except that they live a great deal of their time in water. Grandpa Goosey and Nurse Jane are very fond of climbing out on a steep bank, making the dirt slippery with their wet bodies, and then they slide down kerplunk into the stream. Of course, they don't slide in winter."

"No, we coast then," barked Jackie. "Come on now, Uncle Wiggily. Ride down the other slide on my sled!"

"And on mine, too!" offered Peetie.

"I can't ride on both sleds at once!" laughed the bunny gentleman. "I'll take turns. This he did, setting the basket of turnovers down on a stump at the top of the other slide hill.

Uncle Wiggily had some jolly good fun coasting with the doggie boys, but at last the bunny remembered that he must not forget Grandpa Goosey. So having taken one last coast, and then another for good measure, Uncle Wiggily started off over the snow-covered fields for the home of the gander gentleman.

Uncle Wiggily had not gone very far from the other slide before, all of a sudden, out from the bushes, rushed the Bad Bear.

"Wuff! Wuff!" growled the Bear. "Now for some ears to nibble!" and he ran straight at Uncle Wiggily.

"Nibble my ears? Not if I can get away from you!" cried the bunny, and, turning quickly, he ran back over the snow toward the other slide hill. "If only Jackie and Peetie are there and they can bark at and bite the Bad Bear and stop him from nibbling my ears!" thought Uncle Wiggily.

Faster and faster he ran, until he reached the other slide. Jackie and Peetie had gone home, taking their sleds with them, but the steep, slippery other slide, covered with snow and ice, was still there.

"Now for a trick on this Bad Bear!" whispered the bunny to himself. He ran to the edge of the slide, as though he might be going to leap down. Then Uncle Wiggily suddenly turned to one side and hid behind a bush.

"Ah, ha! Now I have you!" growled the Bear. He, too, ran to the edge of the slide, but he was going so fast, and he was so big and heavy that he couldn't stop. Down the other slide he slid, and when he reached the bottom he broke through the ice into the water and was so cold and wet and shivery when he got out



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## Mary's Kitchen

## GOOD POTATO DISHES.

A potato dish that is particularly good with pork chops for dinner is made according to this rule for stewed potatoes. These potatoes are very quickly prepared and cooked.

## STEWED POTATOES.

One and one-half teaspoons lard, 1-2 teaspoons butter, 2 teaspoons flour, 1 medium sized onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-3 teaspoon pepper, 4 cups diced potatoes, boiling water, parsley.

Put lard and butter in kettle. When melted stir in flour. Add onion cut in thin slices. Then add the diced potatoes and just enough boiling water to prevent burning.

Do not add enough water to cover potatoes. Cover closely and cook 20 minutes. The water should be nearly all cooked away and the potatoes tender, but not mushy. Serve in a hot dish and sprinkle with minced parsley.

Another way to prepare potatoes that is rather unusual and very good is to make potato croquettes. The potatoes should be boiled with the skins on. This preserves the natural flavor which lies so close under the skin.

## POTATO CROQUETTES.

Four or 5 medium sized potatoes, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon pepper, milk, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, egg, bread crumbs.

Put potatoes on to boil in cold water. Boil 45 to 60 minutes. Drain and shake over fire till perfectly dry. Peel. Put through a ricer or mash with wire masher, season with salt, pepper and butter. Beat in milk and parsley.

Use just enough milk to make moist enough to handle. Let cool slightly. Make in small balls, roll in crumbs, dip in egg slightly beaten with two tablespoons milk, roll again in crumbs, dip in egg, roll again in crumbs and fry in deep hot fat to a golden brown.

Drain and serve. As the mixture is cooked over fire till perfectly dry, it is cooked to brown a cube of bread in 40 seconds.

Potato ribbons are very good with fish.

## POTATO RIBBONS.

Peel potatoes. Let stand in ice water for half an hour. Dry between towels and cut a thick paring round and round the potato. Cut this in six-inch lengths and tie in a loose knot. Drop in deep hot fat and fry a golden brown. Drain, sprinkle with salt and serve.

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## LITTLE BENNY

By LEE PAPE.

The Park Ave. News.

Weather. Warm in the sun. Sissity. Mr. Puds Simkinses mother made nut cake for dinner last Sunday, only it didn't have nearly as many nuts in as usual on account of Mr. Benny Potts and Mr. Leroy

that he didn't want to chase even his stubby tail.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, safe at the top of the slide. "That's the time I fooled you, Bad Bear!"

Then the bunny hopped to Grandpa Goosey's with the turnovers and they made the old gander gentleman feel much better.

In so the cat's tail doesn't tickle the gold fish and make it splash water on the hands of the clock. I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the good bear.

## Shooter helping Mr. Simkins to crack them for her on Saturday afternoon.

Enter! Fearsome Wind Storm! Much Damage Done! There was a fearsome wind storm just after school last Wednesday, the worst thing it did being to blow Sam Crosses hat under a ice wagon and first one horse kicked it and then the ice wagon ran over it, making the hat look entirely different from what it did before.

## Pome by Skinny Martin.

One Good Tern Deserves Another

Every book awt to have pictures. To tell what the story's about, and if you can't understand the pictures, the story will explain them no doubt.

Sports. Maud Jonsin got mad and offered to fite any fello in the crowd last Saturday afternoon, but all the fellows there was too much of a gentleman to except the challenge, and besides she wouldn't promise not to use her finger nails.

Old junk such as papers and wore out rubbers took to the junk shop and sold on the commission basis. The Ed Wernick and Lew Davis Junk Co. (Advertisement.)